DUNSMUIR TREE GOBLIN

A CONFIDENTIAL CASE IN A SMALL TOWN

By Paul Dale Roberts, Halo Paranormal Investigations

Some cases stay with you — not because of what you can prove, but because of what people truly believe they're experiencing. The Dunsmuir Tree Goblin case is one of those.

It's also a confidential case. I will refer to the client as Mrs. Satch, which is not her real name. The reason for confidentiality is simple — Dunsmuir is a small mountain town in Northern California where everyone knows each other, and Mrs. Satch does not want to become the laughingstock of her community. I can respect that.

Mrs. Satch told me that she and her husband had been terrorized by what she calls a tree goblin. The creature is very short — maybe around two feet tall — with sharp teeth and branches growing out of its head. She believes it may be some kind of demon. Based on her description, I had my forensic sketch artist, Richard Vasseur, create a drawing of the creature (see image on this page).

Two Years of Strange Encounters

For a period of two years, this entity had reportedly been peeking through windows. It also managed to get into the attic, where it would make a lot of noise. At one point, Mrs. Satch's husband opened the attic door, and the creature jumped out at him. He fell off the ladder and injured himself.

There were also reports of the goblin appearing at the foot of their bed around 3 or 4 a.m., simply standing there and watching them.

The situation escalated when one of their dogs was attacked. The dog suffered scratch marks along its stomach. That was the final straw — Mrs. Satch had had enough and contacted Halo Paranormal Investigations.

The Road to Dunsmuir — A Town With Deep and Dark History

Dunsmuir is about three hours and 48 minutes from my home in Elk Grove. I asked my wife, Deanna Jaxine Stinson — also known as Wish Fire — if she wanted to take a road trip. Wish Fire said, "Why not?"

This case took place in 2023, but I will not disclose the exact date, as Mrs. Satch feels that would pinpoint her home. She also requested that we not arrive with our "got ghosts?" car magnets.

Before heading out, I researched the history of Dunsmuir. Indigenous people lived in the area as far back as 5,000 years ago, with the Okwanuchu tribe being the last known inhabitants. There is a local legend that when the U.S. Army settled in the area in the 1820s, they fed poisoned beef to the Okwanuchu. However, there is no evidence to support this claim.

Later, hunters and trappers traveling along the Siskiyou Trail settled in the region. The California Gold Rush brought additional settlers, and by the 1850s, the town had a toll bridge and a stagecoach hotel. The arrival of the Central Pacific Railroad further boosted growth.

In 1888, Alexander Dunsmuir, son of British Columbian coal baron Robert Dunsmuir, passed through the town and admired its beauty. He offered to donate a fountain if the town would take his name. The townspeople agreed.

The town also has a darker chapter. In July 1935, two criminals shot and killed Police Chief F.R. "Jack" Daw and wounded a California Highway Patrol officer. One of the suspects, Clyde Johnson, was taken to the Yreka jail. A group known as the Dunsmuir Vigilantes broke him out and lynched him in Dunsmuir — the last recorded lynching in California.

The Investigation/Cleansing — A Presence, But Not What Was Expected

Wish Fire conducted a walk-through and immediately detected a presence — but not a goblin. She sensed a young woman, possibly the wife of a trapper, who may have died young from cancer.

I conducted several EVP sessions but did not capture any clear evidence. However, I did feel what seemed like a soft, delicate touch on my arm. Could this have been the spirit Wish Fire detected?

Detrick, the EMF bear, activated a couple of times in the kitchen area. Aside from that, there were no photographic anomalies.

The Goblin Cleansing Ritual

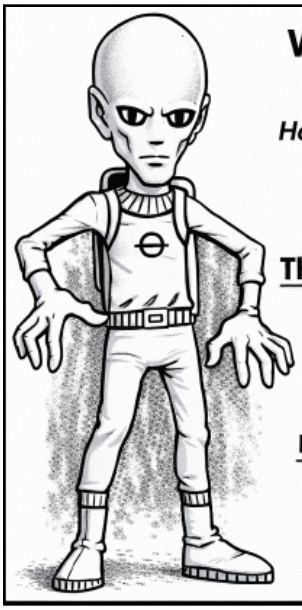
After completing the investigation, we moved forward with a cleansing. If the entity was indeed a goblin, certain measures were necessary. We placed salt around the entire perimeter of the house and hung prairie flax on the doors. According to folklore, goblins dislike both salt and flax.

Another traditional method involves burning a shoe. I brought one of my old shoes and burned it on the property.

Following the goblin cleansing, Wish Fire performed a metaphysical cleansing using a eucalyptus smudging wand, and I conducted a Roman Catholic house blessing.

Sometime later, I received a phone call from Mrs. Satch. She reported that the goblin was gone and there had been no further sightings.

Dunsmuir turned out to be a very unique experience. Even though we didn't find definitive evidence at the home itself, it was still a worthwhile adventure — and we got to take in some truly beautiful scenery along the way. ◆



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